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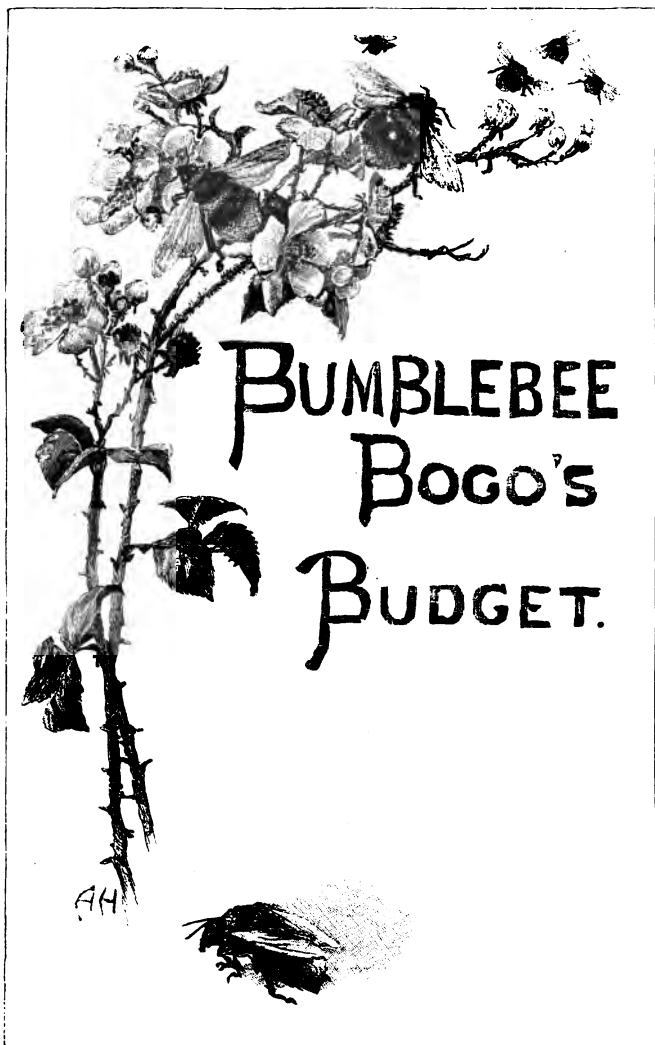


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BUMBLEBEE BOGO'S BUDGET.



BUMBLEBEE

BUDGET

AT RICHMOND, 1900

THE BUDGET

OF RICHMOND

THE BUDGET

MACMILLAN AND CO.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1900

THE BUDGET

BUMBLEBEE BOGO'S BUDGET

BY
A RETIRED JUDGE

W. C. F. S. & Co.
==

WITH ELEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

BY ALICE HAVERS

PRICE FOUR AND SIXPENCE

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK

1887

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RICHARD CLAY AND SONS,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

Dedicated
TO
THE EVER LOVED AND EVER PRESENT MEMORY
OF
G. H. F. S.,
FOR WHOM MOST OF THESE IDLE RHYMES
WERE WRITTEN

PREFACE.

THE first four lines of *Babyland*, and the first four lines of a dozen other pieces, were contributed by the author of *Bumblebee Bogo's Budget* to a very pretty book called *Nursery Carols*, which was published in 1862 by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, who have given the author permission to re-publish them in this fuller form.

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BUMBLEBEE BOGO'S BUDGET.

INVOCATION.

76
Mother, mother, up above,
Darling mother of my love !
Who, to close my baby eyes
Sang the sweetest lullabies ;
And, when I had older grown,
With a magic all thine own
Taught me still to spurn all guile,
To hate the base and scorn the vile,
And to love all things Divine
With a noble love like thine.
Dowered with a glorious brain ;
Heart as kind as summer rain ;
Mind as grand as God doth give
To the kingliest ones that live ;
Wit as keen as polished steel
Quick to think and prompt to feel ;

B

Caring less than any other
(Such, thank God! wert thou, my mother)
For the meaner things of earth,
Rank or wealth or aught but worth.
In a child's pure laughter joying,
And thy constant care employing
Unto our dear Christ to win
Hearts that break and souls that sin.
Proudly still I can remember
One cold, bitter, dark December;
Thou hadst given all thy store
That bleak year to feed the poor,
When a mother clutching wild
To a little shivering child,
Met us hurrying home again
Thro' the frozen sleet and rain.
"Heaven help me! Nothing left
For these poor ones thus bereft!"
Such thy speech, and then a smile
Lit thy glorious face the while,
As the trinket from thy breast
Thou gavest her—why tell the rest?
How that mother wan and pale,
Shuddering in that cruel gale,

Clutching at the proffered boon
Neath the cold December moon,
“Lady, giving thus to me,”
These the very words spake she,
“Thou art giving of thy love
To our Father Christ above.”
Mother, mother up on high,
Far away and yet so nigh,
Smile upon these rhymes begun
For the children of thy son,
And completed for the laughter
Of their children coming after.
Smile as in the dear old days
You used to smile at my odd ways,
And say “Tho’ erring, weak and wild,
Blessings still upon my child !
May the baby-love he’d win
Purify his soul from sin,
And make him meet to join the band
Of children in the heavenly land,
Who sing for ever songs of joy
To Him who was on earth a Boy.”



BOBBY MY BOY.

What shall I sing to thee,

Bobby my boy?

While thus I cling to thee,

Bobby my boy.

My heart beats so loudly,
My thoughts soar so proudly,

Bobby my boy.

I've such fond fancies,
While watching thy glances,

Bobby my boy.

Thy eyes are so sunny bright,

Bobby my boy.

Dancing with merry light,

Bobby my boy.

I must sing gladly,

Wildly and madly,

Bobby my boy.

For my joy knows no measure,

My darling, my treasure,

My beautiful boy.

Ever in life's hard fight,

Bobby my boy.

Struggling for God and right,

Bobby my boy.

Of brave men the leader,
Of weak men the pleader,

Bobby my boy.

Thy name shall a war-cry be,
Presaging victory,

Bobby my boy.

Through the future's dim mystery,

Bobby my boy,

I read thy bright history,

Bobby my boy.

Fair ones shall vie for thee,

Proud hearts shall sigh for thee,

Bobby my boy.

And eyes scarce less divine,

Feed on the light of thine,

Bobby my boy.

But e'en as I gaze on thee,

Bobby my boy,

Soft slumber weighs on thee,

Bobby my boy.

And angels in whispers,
Are hymning sweet vespers,

O'er Bobby my boy.

I too will pray lowly,
With those visitants holy,

For Bobby my boy.

Nor idly thus deem of thee,

Bobby my boy.

Nor wildly thus dream of thee,

Bobby my boy.

Such bliss were little worth,
Clayed all and clogged with earth,

Bobby my boy.

Far higher gifts I'll crave,
Thee from all ills to save,

Bobby my boy.

Mayst thou be gentle, kind,

Bobby my boy.

Brave, true, and pure of mind,

Bobby my boy.

Faithful till life is done,

And, when the good fight's won,

Bobby my boy,

O'er sin victorious,

Rise to realms glorious,

Bobby my boy.

SPECKLEDY HEN.

Speckledy hen, speckledy hen,
What do you do in my garden pen?

You scratch up my flowers, you know you do,
And what in the world shall I say to you?

Mamma will scold you, you know she will,
And Papa will whip you for doing ill,

And I *should* like to know what you'll say then,
You dear little naughty, naughty hen?

TRUMPETER JOHN.

Sweet little Susy! I heard her sing ;
“I’ve been wooed by a son of the King ;
The Captain, too, all covered with lace,
Is dying of love for my pretty face.

The Priest of the parish as well as the Squire,
The Lord Lieutenant, and Knight of the Shire,
All of them come and kneel at my feet,
They call me pretty, they vow I’m sweet ;

But Prince, nor Captain, nor Priest, nor Squire,
Lord Lieutenant, nor Knight of the Shire,
Loves me so dearly as Trumpeter John ;
And he will come back when the wars are done.”

THE LAPWING.

I'm a little lapwing!
 I'm a pretty lapwing!
 And here in the bramble I sit and I sing.

On the bramble rose spray
 I sing and I play,
 And I laugh out merrily all the day.

PEEP O' DAY.

Pretty Maid Marigold, whither away?

"I'm off to breakfast with Peep-o'-Day."

What will he give you, my winsome queen?

"Dewdrops the finest that ever were seen ;

Dewdrops and sunbeams and gossamers fine,

And that will be better than cakes and wine."

THE MILKMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Give Welshmen toasted cheese,
Give fishes lots of water,
But oh Sir, if you please,
Give me sweet Peg, your daughter !

She's stately as a queen,
Her eyes are brown and bonny,
In time she'll be thirteen,
And I'm her sweetheart Johnny.

FRANKY.

On his Daddy's lappy
Isn't Franky happy?
Shaky, shaky, shaky,
Franky mustn't waky,
Sleepy, sleepy, sleep,
Else mamma will weep.

Horse, horse lazy,
Drag along the chaisey,
Faster, faster, faster
For your little master.
Gallop, little horsey,
Gallop, gallop, do,
Then I'll give you oaten meal,
And sugar-candy too.

OVER THE FERRY.

Tol-de-rol-lol said to Derry-down-derry
"Shall we go a picnic-ing over the ferry?"

To Derry-down-derry says Tol-de-rol-lol,
"Yes, you go fetch Meggy, and I'll run for Moll."

But Meggy was sulky and Molly was glum,
So they turned up their noses and said "We won't come."

"Please yourself, sulky Meg. Please yourself, grumpy
Moll,"

Said Derry-down-derry and Tol-de-rol-lol.

"Haughty vixens! Their airs we can well do without,
Pretty damsels are plenty who smile, and don't pout."

So to Hey-nonny-nonny went Tol-de-rol-lol,
And said "Be my dearie, instead of cross Moll."

While to Tra-la-la-la-la said Derry-down-derry,
“Meg’s dull as Devizes, but you’re bright and merry.”

So Tra-la-la-la-la and Hey-nonny-nonny,
Busked their braids and their breast-knots so brave and so
bonny,

And laughing and dancing went over the ferry
With Tol-de-rol-lol and Derry-down-derry.

They gathered the roses and gowans so fine,
The bee gave them honey, the cowslip gave wine.

They danced in the greenwood, they sang in the copse,
And for garlands they twined honeysuckle and hops.

Till the moon came out shining so grand and so bright,
When with smiles and soft sighings they whispered “good-
night!”

When they woke up next morning cross Meg changed her
mind,
And unamiable Molly grew civil and kind.

But said Derry-down-derry and Tol-de-rol-lol,
“We will ne’er cross the ferry with Meggy or Moll.

For we love Tra-la la-la and Hey-nonny-nonny,
And to-morrow they marry us blithesome and bonny."

Then Meggie and Molly cried "Never again
Will we speak so unkindly to such pretty men."

"Please yourself, grumpy Meg! Please yourself, angry
Moll!"

Laughed Derry-down-derry and gleesome Tol-lol.

PUSS IN THE RAIN.

The rain it patters, the rain it pours,
Pussy the hare will get wet out o' doors ;
Bare is her head and her feet too are bare,
But what does that matter to Pussy the hare?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Woful Winny and spiteful Jane
Came and peeped thro' my window-pane.

They saw sparks flying, and heard me sing,
As I hammered away at my wedding-ring.

"Marry me with it!" cries woful Win;
"If you do it, you'll rue it," says spiteful Jin.

Go, you hussies, go spin, go spin,
Spiteful Jenny, and woful Win;

You're peevish and waspish, and cross and mean,
And to-morrow I marry the Bumblebee Queen.

THE COLONEL.

Colonel Cucumber says,
When he served in the Bays,
He was sent to escort good Queen Charlotte's post-chaise.

He was tall, straight, and strong,
And his pigtail was long,
And the girls thought, "You duck!" as he pranced through
the throng.

THE SAILOR BOY.

Sailor boy Johnny's ship sails so far
That it looks from the beach like a little star ;

But the clouds sail with it so white, so white,
They have sailed with the ship till she's out of sight :

But I still see the clouds, though the good ship's gone :
God comfort the mother of sailor boy John !



THE MAID OF RANGOON.

"Will you marry me?" said the Man in the Moon
To this sweet little Maid of the far Rangoon.

"No, I won't marry you, Sir, for I've been told
That you're very distant and rather cold :
And you'd only be with me, you know, at night,
And what should I do in the merry daylight?
No, I won't marry you, you Man in the Moon,"
Said this sweet little Maid of the far Rangoon.

"Ha ! Say you so?" quoth the brazen-faced Sun ;
"Then by me, fair maid, you'll be wooed and won."
"Oh, no!" said this rosebud of far Rangoon,
"For you'd love me by halves, like the Man in the Moon.

Twelve hours a day you'd be off to the West,
And what should I do when you'd gone to your rest?
Then you'd scorch me and burn me with kisses at noon;
So I won't marry you," said this Maid of Rangoon.

Said the Star of the Morn, "I'll come with a wink,
When the Moon is beginning to drowse and blink,
And the Sun's turning round for another snooze,
So marry me, darling, you can't refuse;
For I shall be bright when they're both seedy."
"Oh no!" said the Maiden, "Sir Star, indeed I
Do hate to be called out of bed too soon:
So I sha'n't marry you," said the Maid of Rangoon.

"Will you marry me?" said the great Orion,
With sword in his hand and as bold as a lion.
"Earthquakes and tempests attest my wrath,
And the boldest may tremble who cross my path."
"Is this the way my poor heart you'd gain,
By bragging and blustering, silly swain?
In spite of your swagger I fear you're a spoon,"
Laughed this dear little Maid of the far Rangoon.

“Will you marry me?” said the Great Big Bear,
“I’ll love you and hug you and tend you with care;
In my nice furred arms you shall lie as snug
As if you were wrapped in a railway-rug.
Tho’ my manners *are* roughish, my heart is kind,
As the pine tastes sweet through its prickly rind.”
“But rough manners I hate, so good afternoon,”
Said this sweet little Maid of the far Rangoon.

“Will you marry me,” said the Running Stream,
“And lie on my bosom, my sweet day-dream?
Gently I’ll bear you through sun and shade,
Down the dancing falls, through the leafy glade.”
“Oh! no, good Brook, you’re too restless for me,
And you’d carry me off to the angry sea,
And in winter you’d freeze and you’d parch in June;
So I daren’t marry you,” said this Maid of Rangoon.

“Will you marry me?” said the great Tycoon
To this dear little Maid of the far Rangoon,
“You shall reign as a queen on a jewelled throne,
And a monarch’s heart shall be all your own,

And my million of slaves—for you may slay 'em,
 Roast them, or boil them in oil, or flay 'em"—
 "You cruel old monster, you make me swoon,"
 Said this kind little girl of the far Rangoon.

"Will you marry me?" said a Garden of Flowers.
 "Beauty, and sunshine, and sweets shall be ours;
 The rose that no earthly dye may paint,
 And the lily that looks like a virgin saint,
 The flaunting tulip, so brave of hue,
 Pansy, narcissus, and daffodil too."
 "But they'd fade and they'd die and they'd leave me soon:
 No, I can't marry you," sighed the Maid of Rangoon.

"My beautiful Maid, will you marry me?"
 With a quivering voice, asked the Aspen-tree.
 "Lithe of limb and pliant of form,
 I bow my head to the tyrant storm.
 Pleased with my homage, he leaves me free,
 And a bower I'll build in my arms for thee."
 "The cringing craft of a supple poltroon
 Wins no woman's love!" said the Maid of Rangoon.

With a pretty scorn as the fair one spoke,
"Will you marry me?" said the stalwart Oak.
"My spirit may break but it cannot bend;
And I truckle neither to foe nor friend;
I change not by day nor yet by night,
And I love thee, Lady, with all my might."
"Brave King of the greenwood, I grant your boon,"
Blushed this dear little Maid of the far Rangoon.

WHAT I CAN'T TELL.

I can tell what the mother bird sings
To the queer little fledglings under her wings.

I can tell what the pussy cat thinks
As she sits by the fire and purrs and blinks.

The brook's sad secret is none to me,
And I know why the cricket's so full of glee.

I hear what the moon and the stars are saying
When my own little baby boy's kneeling and praying.

I hear the stories the violets tell,
And the daisy's whisper to little bluebell.

But I can't tell you and you can't tell me
How I love Mammy and Mammy loves thee.

THE LINNET'S RESOLVE.

Calipee, Calipash,
There's my little dog Dash
Making gooseberry pie of Aunt Margaret's sash ;

While the linnet, next door,
Says "If two and two's four,
I'll never drink tea without milk any more."

A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

Bumblebee Bogo doesn't agree
With the master who teaches him A B C.
The master whips him, it hurts him sore,
But Bumblebee Bogo learns never the more.

Bumblebee Bogo has gone to play
In the meadows, this summer-holiday;
He's saddled and bridled his learned master,
And sticks in his spurs to make him go faster.

Bumblebee Bogo's master is fat,
And the day is hot, so he doesn't like that;
But Bumblebee Bogo, he chuckles with joy;
Bumblebee Bogo's a mischievous boy.

MORNING.

Sun, from your curtains pop out your head
This is no time to be lazy-bed.

Besides, I want you to come and to shine
On this dear little garden of Baby's and mine

Smile on the rose till she blushes with joy,
And kiss the pale lily that looks so coy ;

Dry up the tears of the grass so green,
And warm the meek daisy that lurks between ;

And gladden and cheer this bleak world of ours
Till it bursts into summer and beauty and flowers.

THE GREEN MAN.

Pussikin Peepeye has gone to town.
Who went with her? Why, Goodman Brown.

What saw Pussikin Peepeye then?
Seven and twenty gentlemen,

One half were black, and the other half white,
And the odd one was greener than malachite.

OH !

Kickery kee !

The old sow's up the tree,
And the stars are all galloping over the lea ;

And the aitch bone of beef.
Has shot Teddy the thief,
And the King wipes his eyes with a mulberry leaf.

ANNIE'S ALPHABET.

A for Annie and B for Ben,

C their Courting in Durley Glen ;

D the sweet Daydreams to lovers given ;

E for the Earth that their love makes Heaven ;

F for Fanny who lags behind.

G the Gooseberries Fan can't find ;

H for the Harebells that deck their way ;

I for their Innocent hearts that day :

J for the Joy of a love like this ;

K for the King who might envy their bliss ;

L for the Lane through which they now roam,

And M for the Moon that will light them home.

N for the News it will be at the Hall,
And O for Old Auntie who guess'd it all !

P for the Parson who comes to bless,
And also the Poplin which makes her dress :

Q for the Quiz who will joke and make fun ;
R for the Ring that will make them one.

S for the Satin Slippers we shy
After the carriage by way of good-bye.

T for the Tears in her parents' eyes ;
U her old Uncle who silent sighs.

V is the Village she'll see no more,
W Willy who loved her sore.

X stands for nothing, which all things seem ;
Y why is Youth such a fleeting dream ?

Z is for Zeal the initial letter,
Zeal is a good thing, but Love is a better.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

My first false love has married a churl :

“Love ! thou’rt a juggle and lie,”

I said as I sent her back her curl ;

Fool to be fooled by a foolish girl

Tho’ her lips were sweet and her teeth were pearl,

And she gave me sigh for sigh.

The grave of the maiden that next I wooed

Lies far across the sea :

For ah, too weak in her womanhood,

Her kinsman’s wrath might not be withstood !

Heaven rest her soul ! She was fair and good,

And pure as God’s angels be.

But the love of all loves sits here by my side,

Our baby on her knee :

Four fair children have we beside

(Seven sweet years she has been my bride) ;

She is my darling, my joy, my pride,

And I know that she loves me.

CROSSPATCH PETER.

Crosspatch Peter wears an old white hat,
Rough as any poodle dog, uglier than that ;
His temper is as ugly quite, his manners too are rougher ;
Perhaps he has been crossed in love, poor melancholy
buffer.

ONLY PHANTOMS.

Sevastopol Smith and Bellerophon Brown
Were nice young men in a country town.

Sevastopol Smith had high birth and dash ;
Bellerophon Brown had the ready cash.

" I don't think much of *your* kin and kith,"
To Bellerophon Brown said Sevastopol Smith.

To Sevastopol Smith said Bellerophon Brown,
" Will your pedigree fetch you a poor half-crown?

I have in my pocket-book here wherewith
To buy the whole family of Smith."

Sevastopol Smith gave a scornful frown,
And turned away from Bellerophon Brown.

Bellerophon Brown was a man of pith,
So he frowned again at Sevastopol Smith.

What a pretty picture for Doyle or Frith,
Bellerophon Brown and Sevastopol Smith !

"I can't stay here in the self-same town
With Sevastopol Smith," said Bellerophon Brown ;

"So I'll go to Penzance, or perchance Penrith ;"
"Or to Coventry pr'aps !" sneered Sevastopol Smith.

"I should really be sorry to knock you down,"
To Sevastopol Smith said Bellerophon Brown.

"Pooh ! You're but a phantom, and I'm a myth,"
To Bellerophon Brown said Sevastopol Smith.

"Don't we exist then ?" said Brown forthwith.
"Only in these silly rhymes," said Smith.

BABYLAND.

In Babyland, in Babyland,
Once a garden made I,
With my cousin Barbara,
(Now she's a grand Lady).

First we dug a little ditch,
That we called our lake ;
Next we planted tiny trees
A shrubbery to make.

And there we built our fairy house
—Perhaps it still may stand.
Oh, but we worked merrily
In our bright Babyland !



Then we built a little gate
Lock and all complete ;
But we lost the key of it
Amid the flowers so sweet.

Perhaps the songs we sang there
Angels understand :
Perhaps our children sing them
In *their* Babyland.

For them the sun's still shining,
The flowers still bright and grand ;
For they have found, what we have lost,
The key of Babyland.

A RIDDLE.

Gossamer Castle stood many a year,
And the dame of the castle she made good cheer,

Meat that was juicy and wine that was red,
She ate and she drank as she wove her thread.

Knight and Baron and Squire so tall
Came a wooing to Gossamer Hall :

But never a baron or knight of estate
Passed again through that cruel gate ;

She fed on their dainty limbs so fine
And drank up their noble blood for wine,

And she laughed with joy when the feast was done,
And she picked their bones clean one by one.

But fierce and sudden one morn there came
A giant to visit that haughty dame :

Small wooing made he to that lady fair,
And his features were hidden with beard and hair,

And the lady turned pale as pale could be,
For she knew him her father's enemy.

He battered her castle walls so grim,
And he crushed her and smashed her body and limb ;

And the knights that hung in her larder tall
Escaped by the battlements one and all ;

While the giant so fierce that broke her sway,
Was led by a damsel meekly away.

THE TURNPIKE WOMAN.

Mikky Mak Mogo Mubbelly Meg
Has a turnpike, a cat, and a wooden leg;
And that's why her name (now mind this I beg)
Is Mikky Mak Mogo Mubbelly Meg.

NUMMINY DIDDY.

Numminy Diddy he sits by the fire,
Numminy Diddy he never grows higher,

Daddy and Mammy they go to the play,
And all alone by myself I stay ;

But Numminy Diddy he talks to me then
Of Knights, and of Nobles and Gentlemen,

Of Fairies and Giants beyond compare,
Of Dwarfs and of Ogres and Ladies fair.

And Numminy Diddy is kind and true,
And Numminy Diddy he loves me too ;

NOTE.—Numminy Diddy was the name given by one of my own children to an imaginary being who, as he believed, lived in the fireplace, and would come and talk to him when no one else was present.

And none of 'em know him, tho' he knows me,
For he lives in the cinders where they can't see,

So Daddy and Mammy may go to the play,
For Numminy Diddy he keeps me gay

By telling me stories and singing me songs,
As he sits on the fender and plays with the tongs;

And he builds me castles of coals and fire;
And Numminy Diddy will never grow higher;

Little he'll live, and little he'll die;
He's very little, but then so am I.

And nobody knows how we love each other,
Though Numminy Diddy is not my brother.

TWO WORDS TO A BARGAIN.

Quoth this positive Boor of Natal,

“When I say a thing *shall* be, it *shall*.”

But says Sarah his wife,

“Don’t you think, my sweet life,

That depends a good deal on your Sal?”

UNCLE'S HAIRDRESSER.

"Since my uncle's in bed"

(Little Tendertoed said)

"I'll just go up stairs and plait straws in his head."

But the uncle said, "Niece,

We shall look like two geese,

If you don't rub the roots first with buffalo grease."

DAWN.

Daylight is breaking ;

Pussy is waking ;

All things now tell o' day.

Church bells make melody,

Cocks crow uproarious ;

Dogs howl like Boreas ;

Cookey's as cross as sticks :

Barbara's little chicks

Cackle and clap their wings ;

Blithely the skylark sings ;

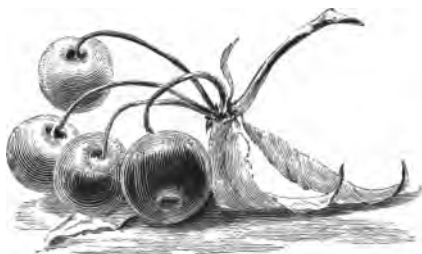
Chirrupy, chirrup, in bush and in tree,

Birds sing right merrily ; why shouldn't we ?

CAT AND KITTEN.

Big Puss and little Puss
Sat among the roses,
Pleasant, pleasant was the smell
To their little noses.

They climbed up in the branches,
They swung upon the stem,
They ate their little sandwiches,
Then sat them down to hem.



ROSES AND CHERRIES.

Roses not so red,
Cherries not so juicy,
As the cheeks of Fred
As the lips of Lucy.

Freddie is my joy,
Lucy is my dearie ;
Ah ! without my boy,
How my heart would weary.

If Lucy aught should hap
I'd die, I think, to miss her.
She's sitting on my lap
Where I hug and kiss her.

Dark are Freddie's curls
As a raven's bill is,
While my little girl's
Are gold as daffodillies.

Miles you'd wander free
Ere you'd find another
Half so dear to me
As Lucy or her brother.

THE WOFUL WEAVER.

Lanky the Weaver sat down to sup ;

Lanky the Weaver's wife cried "Get up !"

Lanky the Weaver said "Wife, you're a shrew !"

Lanky the Weaver's wife bit him in two.

Lanky the Weaver was buried next day ;

Lanky the Weaver's wife laughed quite gay.

A HAPPY PAIR.

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life,
And 'tis seldom we quarrel
Or have any strife.

For when we fall out,
She won't cry or pout,
But takes a big broomstick
And bangs me about.

FRANKY'S RAMBLES.

Franky's been roaming the live-long day,
Thro' the woods and the meadows far away.

He watched the little lambs at their sport,
With their legs so long and bodies so short,

And the kind moo-cows as they went to cool
Their sober old legs in the miller's pool.

And the skylark and Franky sang songs together
Of the skies and the earth and the pleasant weather ;

While the cornflowers nodded and seemed to say,
"Yes, we too are happy this summer day."

The poppy all royally robed in red,
Bowed like a monarch his comely head ;

And the modest wild rose peeped out of her bank,
And blushed a sweet welcome to little Frank.

And the butterfly cried to him "Follow me!"
And the stagbeetle laughed from his hollow tree;

And the bees who were kissing the coy hare-bell,
Hummed Franky to sleep, for they loved him well.

And the Fairy-Queen whispered him tales of joy,
Till the nightingales wakened the bonny boy;

And as homeward he ran thro' the grey twilight,
The daisies called after him "Frank, good-night!"

And now in his mother's kind arms he lies,
And she kisses his lips, and his cheeks, and eyes.

LITTLE PERDITA.

Pretty little Perdita didn't know her letters :
Schoolmaster would call her "dunce" and vow he'd tell
her betters.

Pretty little Perdita would neither sigh nor sob,
But pretty little Perdita would whistle for old Bob.

Bob would seize the schoolmaster and bite him on the shin :
Pretty little Perdita would sit her down and spin.

PUSSY THE HARE.

Says Pussy the hare,

Isn't it merry,

Dancing by moonlight here?

—That it is, very.

Dancing alone, my dear,

Dancing alone ;

On my hind legs so gay,

Dancing alone.

Mouth of sly Reynard

Waters with joy ;

Do dance again, my dear,

Pray don't be coy. .

But not all alone, my dear,
Not all alone ;
Don't dance alone, my dear,
Don't dance alone.

Hands across, hands across,
Then down the middle,
Let us together dance,
—Jack Crow shall fiddle.
But not all alone, my dear,
Not all alone ;
On your hind legs so gay,
Not all alone.

Pussy laughs cheerily ;
Won't it be grand ?
Down she sinks wearily,
Slain by his hand.
Dying alone,
Dying alone.
In the pale moonlight there,
Dying alone.

Reynard's wife welcomed him,

Home to her lair ;

Daintily dressed for him,

Pussy the hare.

Jack Crow alone,

Jack Crow alone.

His share was one hind leg,

Gristle and bone.

COCKADOODLEDOO!

Cockadoodledoo

And Deary-deary-me
Found poor Who'd-a'-thought-it
Drowning in the Dee.

Deary-me sobbed loud,
While Cockadoo did sigh;
Poor Who'd-a'-thought-it shrieked out "Help!
Good folks, or I shall die!"

Kind Cockadoodle gave him figs,
Oh-deary gave him wine,
And now they're off to Chester tow
All three of them, to dine.

POOR SPARROW JACK.

Sparrow Jack and his uncle Tim
Sat on an oak-tree's withered limb.

Sparrow Jack's father and Sparrow Jack's mother,
Sparrow Jack's sister and Sparrow Jack's brother,

Peck out the corn from the thrasher's flail
And all the fine feathers from Sparrow Jack's tail.

WYNKYN THE WELSHMAN.

Wynkyn wants to sleep,
Pussy wants to purr ;
"Bless my heart !" says Wynkyn,
"I can't give up to her."

So he takes poor Pussy,
Drowns her in the well ;
Off he goes to sleep again,
Sound as any bell.

But now Pussy's slaughtered
Comes the fearless mouse,
Eating, eating everything
In poor Wynkyn's house :

Gnaws the shelves and cupboards,
Gnaws the bowls and plates,
Eats his fattest bacon,
Eats his sweetest cates :

Drinks up all his custard,
Eats up all his cheese :
At last bites Wynkyn's nose off,
So Wynkyn cannot sneeze.

THE NAUTILUS.

'Twas all upon a nautilus
My Minnie went to sea,
And when she swam ashore again,
She met her sisters three.

"Oh, Minnie!" said the eldest girl,
"Come tell us where you've been."
"Oh! I sailed down the Cataracts
To see the watery Queen."

"Come tell us," said the second girl,
"What jewels did she wear?"
"Cowries and pearls about her neck,
And coral in her hair."

"Oh, Minnie," says the youngest girl,
"I cannot part with thee;
I love thee best of all the rest,
I'll gang with thee to sea."



FROGGY.

Froggy sits singing all night, all night,
For the rushes are green and the moon is bright,

But to-morrow the heron with spindle shanks
Will be prowling about on the reedy banks ;

Poor Froggy, make much of this merry midnight,
Now the rushes are green and the moon shines bright.

POOR MEN!

Scissors and knives
Will shorten men's lives,
But they're not half so sharp as the tongues of their wives.

That may be quite true,
But what *would* you men do
If it wasn't for Peggy, Jane, Polly, and Sue?

THE SQUIRE'S DISGRACE.

Pickabone Peter's a squire from Wales,
Pickabone Peter sells tenpenny nails,
Pickabone Peter he rides a blind mare,
And Pickabone Peter has gone to the fair.

Pickabone Peter has stolen an ox,
Pickabone Peter is put in the stocks,
His hands are fastened and so are his legs,
And the boys pelt Peter with addled eggs.

TOO LATE!

Pretty Peggy Peewit met Sandy in the lane.

"Pretty Peggy Peewit, I have come home again ;

Pretty Peggy Peewit, say, oh, will you marry me ?

I'll give you silks and satins fine, and sugar in your tea."

"Oh, I love sugar in my tea, and silks and satins fine,

But I love Willy Whitaker, and so I can't be thine."

Sandy went off weeping, oh ! a weeping down the lane,

"Since Peggy winna marry me I'll gang to sea again."

But pretty Peg ran after him, and cried "Oh ! do not roam

For Willy canna marry me, he has a wife at home."

But Sandy cried "Good-bye, my love, you'll never see me
more ;

If you had wished to marry me, you should have spoke
before."

GOLDEN RULES FOR THE NURSERY.

I.

Though you mayn't want to go when you're fetched to bed,
Don't pull *much* hair out of Nurse's head.

II.

If, in washing you, Nurse gets the soap in your eyes,
Bite her only a little, and stop when she cries.

III.

Bite your own nails, but don't bite the nails of your brothers,
'Tis naughty to take what belongs to others.

IV.

When called up to lessons, don't say one word,
For you know little folks should be seen, not heard.

V.

Don't put much pepper in grandpapa's snuff—
Old people are touchy—he *might* take huff.

VI.

Don't stick cobbler's wax to your visitors' chairs,
Or trip up your governess coming down stairs.

VII.

In her bed, too, sting-nettles you shouldn't poke—
There *are* folks who never *can* take a joke.

VIII.

Speak when you're spoken to, don't look glum,
Unless you prefer to sit sucking your thumb.

IX.

Act well on these precepts, unless you find
That you'd rather not ; in that case, don't mind.

WIZ.

Wizzeny, Wizzeny, Wizzeny Wiz,

Get along with your ugly phiz.

You want me to kiss you! I vow that's good,

But then if *I* didn't, why nobody would.

MAUD.

Dorothy Dabchick is round as an egg,
Her eyes are twinkling, her mouth is small,
She has three daughters, Maud, Mary and Meg,
And it's oh ! in my heart that I love them all.

Meg is my dearie when I am gay,
Mary kisses away my tears,
But Maud is my darling by night and day,
She is the dearest of all my dears.

SILLY BILLY.

Since the Dey of Algiers
Wears pearl rings in his ears,
How *can* my Poll-Parrot be tried by her Peers !

Well, I don't think she can,
Now there's peace with Japan,
But let's ask Silly-Billy, the Schoolmaster's man.

NEITHER.

Which of my sons would you like to wed,
Harry? or Arthur? or Frank? or Fred?

Oh! Harry's too fat, and Frank's too thin,
For Arthur I never could care a pin;

Fred is a coxcomb I can't abide;
So I'll be none of your bairnies' bride.

MY LITTLE TOAD.

'Tis I have got a little toad, I love him very dear;
What matters that his skin is brown? His eyes are bright
and clear:

They shine like glowworms in the grass where he hath his
abode,
And oh! it's in my heart of hearts I love my little toad!

And oh! it's in my heart of hearts my little toad loves me!
We laugh and sing so merrily upon the daisied lea;
We play at hide and seek amid the corn and poppies gay,
And the grasshopper cries "Whoop" for us when the other
hides away.

And the stars look kindly down on us from their castles in
the skies,
But moon nor stars have half the shine that's in my darling's
eyes;
And tho' he hides away from me 'mid ferns and mosses
green,
"Ha! ha!" I cry, "with that bright eye you can't be long
unseen."

I seize my little prisoner, I hug him to my breast;
I make him crowns of buttercups, for that's what he loves
best;
And we sit behind the haycocks where the grass has just
been mowed,
And we sing each other pleasant songs, I and my little toad.

My sisters laugh and jeer at me, they call me basely born.
To love so tenderly a thing that most folks hold in scorn;
But I've seen my sisters' sweethearts come a-riding down
the road;
They are tall and fair, but beyond compare I love my little
toad.

I've wooers more than I can count of high and low degree ;
(My sisters' sweethearts are but churls that have been
scorned by me):

They cannot tell, tho' I know full well, what Queen Mab
and her elves forebode,

That they'll bow the knee to my Lord and me, tho' now
he's a little toad.

CHUGGYPIG'S BABY.

Chuggypig's babe he lives in a sty,
Chuggypig's babe has a wee pink eye,
In fact he has two, tho' I've named but one,
And my song about Chuggypig's babe is done.

THE TRUANTS.

Pigskin and Appleblossom strayed away from school,
Took their shoes and stockings off and paddled in the
pool.

Appleblossom gave a scream, "You've bit my little toe!"
"It isn't me," says Pigskin, "it is Speckle-Billy O!

"Speckle-Billy O, my dear, 's the King of all the frogs,
He croaks about in marshes and he hops about in bogs,
And when we run away from school and wade here in the
water,

He comes and bites our little toes to show we didn't ought
ter."

Pigskin and Appleblossom scrambled out apace;
Appleblossom sadly sighed and said with rueful face,
"Truant I'll never play again; my torn and bleeding toe
Will ever keep me mindful of King Speckle-Billy O."



UNANSWERABLE.

Willy the Whaleman is not tall,
Willy the Whaleman is rather small,
What care I that Willy is wee?
I love Willy and Willy loves me.

SUMMER SHOWERS.

Rain, rain, rain, how it patters and pours,
Smug as we're sitting here all in doors ;
The birds sit shivering up in the leaves,
And the cows seek shelter under the eaves,
And the rain it patters, the rain it pours,
While we sit cosily all in doors.

But it brings out the scent of the sweet wild-rose,
And bright through its teardrops the poppy glows ;
If the rain didn't patter they'd all be killed,
And the wells and the fishponds would never be filled ;
So merry we'll be though it splashes and pours,
For the sun will soon coax us all out o' doors.

LITTLE ZED.

Fat Farmer Foster's wife went to bed
With her three little daughters X, Y, and Z.
X did choke and Y did smother,
But dear little Z stuck pins in her mother.

LOGIC.

If I had gotten wings to fly, I shouldn't crawl about ;

If I were thinner than I am, I shouldn't be so stout ;

If I had had no grain to sow, I should have reaped no corn ;

If I had had no grandmother, I shouldn't have been born ;

If I had had no baby-boy, I shouldn't be so glad,

And if baby had no daddy, I think he'd be rather sad.

DAVY'S DICKY-BIRDS.

Cuckoo brings Davy a pretty mince-pie,
Kingfisher fetches potatoes to fry,
Nightingale comes with a spoon for the gravy,
And the thrush knits a nightcap for dear little Davy.

HOW COULD SHE ?

Blind Corney the Cow
Said she never knew how,
But she saw the Queen's Beefeater make her a bow ;

So to speak she began
"Oh! you sweet pretty man!"
But the Beefeater blushed, and away they both ran.

A WATER PARTY.

A Sausage was swimming down Severn stream,
Half way over he met with a Dream.

"Come along, good Sausage, with me,
I'm going to Kissmeopopylæ."

The Dream and the Sausage together float
Till they meet a Magpie sailing a boat.

"Maggie, will you come?" "Well, I don't mind,
But I can't leave Cranberry Tart behind!"

Merrily, merrily, off they start,
Sausage, Dream, Magpie, and Cranberry Tart.

But the Boat looked wistfully after the four,
Then it cried its eyes out on Severn shore.

HOME AGAIN.

Hurrah ! our ship comes home ;
Hurrah ! our ship comes home,
 With her flags so proud,
 And her guns so loud,
She's cleaving through the foam.

The church bells all are ringing,
The maidens all are singing,
 And Annie and I
 We laugh and cry,
As into my arms she's springing.

PARTS OF SPEECH.

"Alice and Barbara, Winny and Fan,
Come here and construe me *Frying-pan*.

What part of speech is it, children, say?"
"'Tis an adverb, I think, ma'am," says Barbara ;

Poor little Barbara looked like a ninny,
For Jemmy was tittering and so was Winny,

While, up in the corner there, dear little Alice
Was blushing for shame at their ill-bred malice.

Fan, with a face you can't well disturb,
Says "Teacher, of course it's an active verb."

"Ridiculous creature!" says little Win,
"'Tis a preposition, like *out* or *in*."

"I don't think 'tis either," says little Ally,
"But a thing to cook sausages in, like Sally."

"Illogical goosey ! What horrid grammar
Groaned the teacher,—and flew off to Yokohama.

A MONARCH'S TROUBLES.

The Queen of the Equator
(You know that flowery spot)
Could never get the waiter
To bring her soup up hot.

She told the Board of Taxes,
But they in meek despair
Revolved on their own axes,
And left things as they were.

She told the Dean of Arches
(That measure rarely fails),
He smiled and said "Yes, March is
A windy month in Wales."

She told the Mayor of Antrim,
 She told the wise King James,
 They both flew in one tantrum,
 And called her ugly names.

She told Boadicea,
 Who answered "What's the use?
 A man who calls beer, b-e-a-h,
 I simply call a goose."

She told the Patriarch of Spain,
 And he said "Spitchcocked eels
 Will often cure the gnawing pain
 Remorseful mem'ry feels."

She told the Athenæum
 Who answered "Never mind!
 First spell them T.H.E.M.,
 Then throw away the rind."

She told the Earl of Flanders,
 But that made matters worse,
 He sighed "My eldest gander's
 Youngest son has got no nurse."

She told the Grand Hypothenuse,
Who wept a while, then said,
“Yes, if one chimney has two flues,
Two pins may have one head.”

She told the Common Council,
But they said “What of that?
Canary birds eat groundsel,
But we eat turtle fat.”

She told the Sultan of Stamboul,
But he was vexed with corns,
And shrieked aloud, “A unicorn
Can never have two horns.”

This sudden revelation
Burnt inly on her brain,
She changed her name and nation
And never smiled again.

WHICH ?

When the sun's in the West,
 And the world gone to rest,
 Then I think, of my darlings which love I the best?

There's my little boy Bob
 Who's as fat as my cob,
 Or as Hodge that sits purring in front of my hob;

There's my little girl Polly
 Singing songs to her dolly,
 And my darling old Frank with laugh ringing and jolly;

There's my baby-boy, Willy
 As fair as a lily—
 “But which is your favourite? Come, don't be silly!”

Well, as sure as a gun,
 I believe it's the one
 Whom I married one Wednesday, when all's said and done.

WITTYKIN WAPSHOT.

Wittykin Wapshot he knows not fear,
For Wittykin Wapshot's a volunteer ;

Wittykin's gone to a grand sham fight,
Wittykin's adjutant shouts "Eyes right !"

So Wittykin stands there as stiff as starch,
Till Wittykin's adjutant shouts "Quick march !"

Wittykin Wapshot would never blench
If the foe were Russians or even French,

So it is not likely that Wapshot fears
To attack the Bermondsey Bombardiers,

But as soon as I heard them shout "Hurray !"
I shut my eyes tight and I ran away,

Till I tumbled headlong into a ditch
So I'm vexed I can't tell you which beat which.

THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON.

The queen of the bees
Was beginning to sneeze,
When the Mayor of Southampton said "Don't, if you please."

But quoth she, "Mr. Mayor,
I protest and declare
That you're far less polite than a rude Russian bear."

THE IMPRISONED PRINCESS.

Kling! Klang! Gloria!

Up in yonder tower
Sits a great King's daughter,
That's her prison bower ;
At her broidery frame
She will work all day ;
She is watched and warded,
And may not get away.

Kling! Klang! Gloria!

When her sorrow presses,
She will leave her weary work,
Playing with her tresses ;



With her rosy fingers
 She'll twine her curls the while
—None is there to prize her hair
 Or her woe beguile.

Kling Klang! Gloria!
 Clangs the turret bell,
Would that I were with her
 I would love her well;
I would kiss those fingers,
 I would prize each curl
Dearer than the coronet
 Of any duke or earl.

MANNIGO LEE.

Mannigo Lee, Mannigo Lee,
Went to bed with a broken knee ;
When he woke up, he said to his wife,
“Darling, go fetch me a carving-knife.”

She fetched him one, but that wouldn't do,
“Run, my pippin, and fetch me two.”
She fetched him two, and she fetched him three,
So he cut his leg off did Mannigo Lee.

COPHETUA.

Barney the beggar's clothed all in rags,
But he rides a pony with saddle-bags ;
Barney the beggar's as brown as bistre,
But the king kissed Barney the beggar's sister.

THE BRAVE LITTLE DRUMMER.

Gleesome Lizzie Livingstone and Melancholy Meg
Met a poor drummer-boy one day a limping on one leg.

Melancholy Meggy cried "O, deary, deary me!
O woful fight! O cruel plight! O sorry sight to see!"

But gleesome Lizzie Livingstone looked proudly on the lad,
And smiled so kindly in his eyes, his heart grew warm and
glad ;

She said "I'll be thy crutch, brave boy, lean on me, brave
boy, lean ;

Boy, I love those who strike strong blows for England and
the Queen !"

NATURE WILL OUT.

Your pleasant little porcupine
Is waddly in his walk;
Those pretty little doves of mine
Are cooey in their talk;

It is their nature so to be,
It is my nature too
To write these silly little rhymes
For little folks like you.

THE SCORNFUL MILKMAID.

Satin and silk, satin and silk
I gave to the maiden who sells me milk ;

The satin she threw to her brindled calf,
And the silk that I gave her she tore in half,

A kirtle to make for her dapple gray mare,
And some pinafores for her pigs to wear.

BED-TIME.

Sandman, gray Sandman, he winks at me ;
I shake him off again, one, two, three ;
Softly he comes again, I know his tricks ;
Eyes apeek, foot's asleep, four, five, six.

WHO WAS HE?

Said old man Whitehead from Jellicolee,
"With this great pale sheet you shall quickly see
How I'll cover the world up from head to feet."
But the Sun came and laughed at his wonderful sheet,
So he couldn't quite cover up half the street.

HUBBUB.

Willy Wilkin's daughter
Tumbled in the water ;

Out she came, good lack !
On our pussy's back.

Running to the house,
Pussy caught a mouse ;

Mouse fell in the mire,
Dry her by the fire.

Meat's so long a baking
Cookey's in a taking.

Pussy's got a spasm,
Fetch a cataplasm.

III

To increase our troubling,
Doctor's gone to Dublin.

Go and fetch the barber's boy, bid him bring a razor;
Prithee bleed 'em all around,—“How de do? good day, sir.”

THE KING IS COMING.

A pretty little princess
Sat in a golden cage,
Her hair was like the sunbeams ;
There she sat an age.

But see who's coming to her !
A winsome knight, I ween,
Nay, 'tis a king doth woo her,
She'll make a bonny queen.

THE SMITHY.

Odd and Even and Even and Odd
Went to the smithy to have the mare shod ;
But the smith and his wife were a blind old pair,
So they shod the bairnies instead of the mare.

SIM AND CARLO.

Silly Sim sits by the old church gate,
Silly Sim's hat's on silly Sim's pate,

"Silly Sim, silly Sim, what is your woe?"

"Carlo keeps teasing and biting me so."——

"Seize him and bite him again," say I.

"But he won't stand still, Sir, to let me try!"

"He would if you'd catch him and hold him still."

"Oh no, Sir; he'll bite me, I know he will!"

YOU DON'T SAY SO!

Oh, first it blew East,
And then it blew West,
And then it blew both together ;
And the reason it blew
(I am telling you true)
Is because it was windy weather.

THE PICNIC.

The Cow and the Kettle and Bumble Bee
Went on a picnic all the three.

The Cow took oranges four and five ;
The Kettle took mackerel all alive ;

But Bumble Bee said that her pockets were small,
So she took to the picnic just nothing at all.

BOYNE WATER.

By the Boyne which flows through Leinster,
Did I woo this pretty spinster,
With her eyes a-brim with laughter and a peach-bloom on
her cheek.

But she said "Oh, wheezy viscount,
Your years treble those that I count,
And you mumble out your words so, you might just as
well talk Greek."

SWEET PEA.

I've a dear little daughter,
I call her Sweet Pea,
And all the day long
She will sit on my knee ;

And when it is evening
And dusky and dark,
She'll watch and she'll wonder
At fire and spark ;

At spark and at fire
She'll peer and she'll peep,
Till I hug her and kiss her
And love her to sleep.



KING WREN.

All in the nettles Puss made her a nest,
All in the nettles she sat her to rest.

Little King Wren came where Pussy did sit ;
“Morrow, good morrow, my dainty Kit ;

“Kitticums, Katticums, bright good morn,
Why are you sitting here all forlorn ?

“You’d catch me, my dear, if you’d wings to fly,
And you’d eat me for breakfast, so, Puss, good-bye !”

COURAGE.

The Board of Green Cloth
Were just supping their broth,
When the Clerk screamed, " My Lords, here's a horrid great
moth ! "

Say, what *could* My Lords do ?
They were valiant and true,
So they brandished their swords, and away the moth flew.

BOBBY.

Bobby has got a fine coat with lace,
And a bright red feather to droop by his face,
And a beautiful sword in his little fat hand,
And he'll fight for the Queen and his native land.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE SPINNERS.

Seven young maidens all fair to see,
Were spinning at noon 'neath a walnut-tree ;

Seven young gallants in knightly weeds,
Came pricking along on their seven steeds,

Till they stopped abreast of the walnut-tree,
Where the seven young damsels sat fair to see.

“Now blessings upon your beauty bright !”
As he leapt from his steed, cried the foremost knight ;

And the others perhaps would have done the same,
But five were quite blind and the sixth was lame.

MY LADY.

Sweet is her voice as the song of a thrush,
And dainty her cheek as the roseleaf's blush :
But she is not quite three, and she cannot spell,
Though her name's Lady Bumblebee Bonnybell.

A LESSON IN COLOUR.

The oriflamme of France was white ;
Our Lifeguards dress in scarlet bright ;
Spaniards are brown as gipsies.
We smoke, till it's lamp-black, the glass
Through which we see the portent pass
Of Sun's and Moon's eclipses.

Marines wore yellow coats ; their cuffs
Were since transmitted to the Buffs ;
Green is old Erin's hue.
Pink are my little Nora's cheeks ;
Crimson are the Eleventh's breeks ;
And sailors dress in blue.

DON'T BREAK WINDOWS.

Sulky Sammy and Spiteful Sue
Smashed my windows and off they flew.

Spiteful Susy and sulky Sam
Were met full tilt by an angry ram ;

He tossed them headlong into the brook,
Sulky Sammy and spiteful Suke,

The frogs and the fishes all cold and clammy
Came and made faces at Sukey and Sammy,

And grinding their little teeth sharp as saws,
Said, "Susan and Samuel, show us cause

"Why we shouldn't swallow you, body and bones,
For smashing the windows of Gaffer Jones."

Sulky Sammy and spiteful Sue

With fear and with frenzy they turned quite blue.

When old dog Snap who was prowling about,

Jumped into the river and lugged them out.

But he said "If you smash any more folk's windies

I'll have you transported next day to the Indies."

QUACK.

Ducks in the pond go flop,
Chattering, chattering, well-a-day!
Ducks in the pond never stop,
Making delightful melody :

Quack, quack, quack when they're dry,
Quack, quack, quack when they're wetter,
Quack, quack, quack is their only song,
For where should they learn a better?

A SKY-LARK.

“Witchety, Witchety, is there room
For me to ride with you upon your broom?”

“Oh yes, kind master, if that’s your will,
But Broomy is frisky, so pray sit still.”

Up I got then and flew through the sky,
Witchety, Witchety, Puss and I.

We jumped on the Comet and pulled his tail,
We gave the Great Bear a pint bottle of ale,

We supped off curds in the Milky Way,
And we didn’t come home till the peep of day.

CUDDY'S COW.

Cuddy of Cumberland lost his cow ;
 Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
How shall we know her? I'll tell you how.
 Foljambes and Featherstones love good kail.

She has got horns upon her head,
 Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
Her forehead is white but her hide is red,
 Musgraves and Featherstones love good kail.

She is gone sailing in yonder mere,
 Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
Along with the brewer and all his beer ;
 Dacres and Featherstones love good kail,

Will she come back when the tide is low?
 Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
Will she come back when the rushes blow?
 Howards and Featherstones love good kail.

Oh! she winna come back when the tide is low,
Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
Oh! she winna come back when the rushes blow,
Fosters and Featherstones love good kail.

They'll sail away till they come to the moon,
Fiddledum, Fuddledum, pipes and ale,
For oh! the brewer's a thirsty loon,
Lowthers and Featherstones love good kail.

The Lady Mood she will drown the twain,
Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
And Cuddy will ne'er see his cow again,
Grahams and Featherstones love good kail.

"I'll go weep for my ain dear cow ;
Fiddledum, fuddledum, pipes and ale,
No, I'll go drink at the Barley Mow."
Foljambes and Featherstones love good kail.

NIGHT.

The watchman he blows his horn at night,

All alone, lone-a !

And the owl sits crooning forlorn at night,

All alone, lone-a !

And the moon shines softly above at night,

All alone, lone-a !

But in Heaven One watches with love at night,

And none are alone-a !

CAUTION.

Hush, we're off to market !

So the house we'll hide

Upstairs in the attics

Where the maids abide.

Then we'll shove the staircase

Out of robbers' way,

Yes, we'll pop it down the well ;

That's the time of day !

REGGIE'S POCKET PIECE.

Willy, Willy, Willing,
Reggie's got a shilling.
He can buy land,
Salt, sugar and sand,
A horse and a plough,
And an Alderney cow,
A house made of clay,
And a field full of hay ;
But Reggie, I vow, with his twelvepenny pelf
Can't buy such another great goose as himself.

GILLIBERT.

There was a little boy and his name was Gillibert,
Gillibert, Gillibert Gill ;
And he was so fat, and he was so round,
And he was so fat and he was so round,
When he once set off rolling he couldn't stop still,
But went on rolling to the bottom of the hill,
This fat little Gillibert,
Round little Gillibert,
Dear little Gillibert Gill.

There was a little boy, and his name was Gillibert,
Gillibert, Gillibert Gill ;
And he was so chubby and he was so round,
And he was so chubby and he was so round,
That the King's only daughter, whose name was Jill,

Said "I must kiss Gillibert, I shall and I will,
My own little Gillibert,
Dear little Gillibert,
Dear little Gillibert Gill."

There was a little boy, and his name was Gillibert,
Gillibert, Gillibert Gill,
And he was so pretty and he was so round,
And he was so pretty and he was so round,
That the cook of the Prussian Prince Radzivil
Said "I should like to cook him as a turbot or a brill,
This fat little Gillibert,
Plump little Gillibert,
Fresh little Gillibert Gill."

There was a little boy, and his name was Gillibert,
Gillibert, Gillibert Gill,
And he was so funny and he was so round,
And he was so funny and he was so round,
That buxom Maid Marian down at the mill,
Would look and laugh from her window-sill
At this dear little Gillibert,
Merry little Gillibert,
Darling little Gillibert Gill.



There was a little boy, and his name was Gillibert,
 Gillibert, Gillibert Gill,
 And he was so healthy and he was so sound,
 And he was so healthy and he was so sound,
 The Doctor would grumble "He never wants a pill,
 Magnesia or rhubarb or syrup of squill,
 This stout little Gillibert,
 Strong little Gillibert,
 Unprofitable Gillibert Gill!"

There was a little boy, and his name was Gillibert,
 Gillibert, Gillibert Gill,
 And he was so fat and he was so round,
 And he was so fat and he was so round,
 That a fierce-looking butcher-lad, whose name was Bill,
 Said "If he was a sucking-pig wouldn't I kill
 This fat little Gillibert,
 White little Gillibert,
 Juicy little Gillibert Gill."

There is a little boy, and his name is Gillibert,
 Gillibert, Gillibert Gill,
 And he looks so funny and he looks so round,
 As he leaps in his saddle when he hears the trumpet sound.

And oh! how the hearts of his seven sweethearts thrill,
As he draws his little sabre and gallops off to drill,
 This brave little Gillibert,
 Dashing little Gillibert,
 Prancing little Gillibert Gill.

STRANGE IF TRUE.

I spinny, I,
Here's a tamarind pie
That winna sit still for old Cookey to fry,

And the Irish stew
Is refractory too,
And they're both drinking tea out of Grandmamma's shoe.

A HOME PICTURE.

My Aunt's putting stitches
In Grandfather's breeches,
My Grandmother's taking a nap ;
And the babe in the cradle
Cries "Tom, here's a ladle,
Help yourself to a spoonful of pap."

BENIGHTED BEN.

"When will my Maggie come back again?"

Of the birds of the air asked benighted Ben :

But the birds rush on in their frantic flight ;

'Tis a w-h-i-rr-h, and a fl-i-rr-h, and they're out of sight.

"When will my Maggie come back again?"

Of the Lady Moon asked benighted Ben ;

But the Lady was proud and pale and cold,

And of comfort, oh ! never a word she told.

"When will my Maggie come back again?"

Of the clustering stars asked benighted Ben ;

The silly stars only went on winking,

Till they looked like stars that had been out drinking.

"When will my Maggie come back again?"

Of the frogs in the swamp asked benighted Ben ;

But the frogs in the swamp they went on croaking,

As if poor Ben had been only joking.

“When will my Maggie come back again?”
Of the stagbeetle asked benighted Ben;
But she only sniggered and buzzed a leetle,
Then flew off to supper, this rude stagbeetle.

“When will my Maggie come back again?”
Of the Will o’ the Wisp asked benighted Ben;
But he glided away with his goblin lamp,
Till lost in the marshes dark and damp.

“Oh, I know that my Maggie’ll come back again,”
To his own true heart said benighted Ben;
And Maggie, I think, must have heard him speak,
For I left her kissing his lips and cheek.

BESSIE AND I.

Bessie and I, Bessie and I,
Off to the meadows we hie, we hie.

We play hide-and-seek behind the thorn,
And we gather the poppies that grow in the corn;

And the bluebells and foxgloves and woodbine fair
I twine in a garland for Bessie's hair.

MY BABY BOY.

Rosy-mouthed boy, rosy-mouthed boy,
With great brown eyes that are dancing with joy,
With dimpled chin and with dimpled cheek ;
The love I love thee with I cannot speak.

Brighter and better each day thou'lt be,
And deeper the love that I bear to thee ;
Dimple-cheeked, rosy-lipped, laughing-eyed boy,
With the loving heart that's thy daddy's joy.

PRINCE PUSSYCAT.

Down comes Pussy smirking
In a scarlet jerkin ;
See him strut and swagger
With his belt and dagger.

Dainty Prince Pussycat,
Girdled so gay,
Prythee, Prince Pussycat
Whither away ?

“Off to fat Farmer Freer’s
At the Glebe House.”
“What to do there, Pussy ?”
“Catch a brown mouse.”

O, brown little mousy,
Run off very far !
O, Puss, you are cruel,
Fine Puss that you are !



BUMBLEBEE BOGO'S PETITION.

Ere Bumblebee Bogo his Budget ends
A favour he'd ask of his new-made friends.
The puppets in his little raree-show,
In all humility seek to know
If they may live in your Babyland
Along with the bright and merry band
That have lived there pleasantly ever so long,
And who'll live for ever in nursery song.
"Oh ! yes" (say the Puppets) "we'll be so good
If you'll have us to live with Red Riding Hood ;

And the cat who played on the violin,
And the cow who jumped like a harlequin ;
And the other cow with the horn that crumpled,
And Cinderella all rags and rumbled ;
And the laughing dog and the pickpocket dish,
And Simon who went in a pail to fish ;
And Robin and Richard and Margery Daw,
And Cornish Jack who killed Giant Fee Faw ;
And Stout the Pedlar—if he's converted
And lets poor eggwomen go long-skirted ;
And pert Jenny Wren and the ghost of Cock Robin,
And the lady with bells on her toes a-bobbin ;
And Dickory Dock and Robinson Crusoe,
And Puss who Carabas's trumpet blew so ;
And his master who lost all his clothes by the river,
And the brave boy who couldn't be made to shiver ;
And the lilywhite cat too who married the Prince,
And Bluebeard—(we're sure he's been quite good since ;
Besides we don't think he used real sharp knives,
But only pretended beheading his wives) ;
And that very precious girl of girls,
Who whenever she spoke uttered gems and pearls ;
And the over-worked woman who lived in a shoe,
And Jack of the Beanstalk so brave and true ;

And Baby Bunting and Hop o' my Thumb,
And the wee man in pint-pot put to drum;
And *little* Dick Whittington (we don't care
For the big one who grew up to be Lord Mayor);
And the Babes in the wood, and the Grenadier
Who was shabbily asked to prepay his beer;
And the lion and unicorn—now at one,
And that jolly tin soldier, he is such fun!
And the French boy Riquet, with tuft and hunch,
And your good Mother Goose and kind Mother Bunch;
And Goody Twoshoes, and the darling Rose-Red,
And the girl who slept in the little Bear's bed;
And the Beast and the Beauty and little Muck,
And the pretty Snow Maiden, and ugly Duck;
And a hundred others we love scarce less,
Oh! pray let *us* live with them—*Do* say yes!
You don't quite know? But you'll think about it;
Oh do! For we can't live at all without it."

L'ENVOI.

Farewell! farewell, ye bairnies small,
 Come boys and girls and babies all,
 And kiss me kind good-bye.
 My silly little book is done ;
 I hope *you* think its nonsense fun,
 I'm half inclined to cry.

Long years ago it was begun,
 When I had many a little one
 To clamber on my knee,
 And lisp its silly little rhymes.
 Oh! those were bonny, bonny times!
 Thrice happy days for me!

And still when I hear tiny feet
 Come rattling down the village street,
 (No music like child's rattle!)

I love to don my jester's cap
 And take the darlings on my lap,
 And hear their merry prattle.

To see new troops of babies smile
 At songs I sang a long, long while
 Ago to my own baby.

Dame Grundy says she never saw
 A child so "tickled with a straw,"
 Or such a doited gaby.

She's right, I know I am a fool,
 I always was a dunce at school;
 She gives me no misnomer;
 And now no wiser than I was,
 I still like Blackstone less than Boz,
 Think Hood more fun than Homer.

I know what you are like, my dears,
 Who've read this book with smiles and tears,
 You're merry, bright and chubby;
 Not always prinked like a new pin,
 For oftentimes you'll come tumbling in
 With hands and faces grubby.

Well, I don't shrink from honest dirt
That clings to trousers or to skirt

After a merry frolic.

These little accidental stains
Like little finger-cuts or sprains
Are after all symbolic,

And teach us soils must ever cling
To child, to noble, or to king,
So long as here our lot is ;
In Heaven they'll all be washed away,
No ills, no hurts, no stains of clay,
On kings or little Totties.

Till we meet there, my little dears,
We'll smile our smiles, and weep our tears
As Heaven sends joy or sorrow.
'Twould well-nigh break my heart to say
Good-bye to you, my loves, to-day,
But for that grand to-morrow.

THE END.

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LONDON AND BUNGAY.

